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Conable's **Path=Finder**

A CRITICAL JOUR-
NAL DEVOTED TO
SELF-CULTURE,
LITERATURE AND
PHILOSOPHY



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A Critical Journal, Devoted to Self-Culture, Literature and Philosophy

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Conable's Path=Finder

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BY THE EDITOR

To Subscribers

More than a thousand subscribers to Conable's Pathfinder are behind on their subscriptions from one to two years. The great expense attendant upon our recent removals make it imperative that this notice be given. We trust that all delinquents will improve the earliest opportunity possible to at least catch up on their accounts.

New Thought "Fakes"

A DELIGHTFUL brother in the State of Washington penned me a few lines which he evidently wishes analyzed. They are as follows:

"Dear Mr. Conable—Mrs. —— is writing a few words to you on business, so I will write a few words on inquisitiveness.

"In the August number of the Path-Finder I read this: 'The milkman's cart, with its infectious beverage, has stolen from your door to leave its poison at your neighbor's threshold.'

"In the August number of New Thought the editor discourses on the virtues of milk and 'Marfa,' which he claims as an elixir of life.

"Here are the opinions of two 'great' men; one calls milk a poison; the other a food of great value. What shall I think of it?

"In the July number of the Path-Finder I see you pronounce Mrs. Wilcox, as a space writer, a fake and speak of her book 'written for the Sydney Flower fake outfit.' From this I infer you think Flower is a fakir and his milk diet and proposed sanitariums a fake. This may be God's truth for all I know.

"When we talked of joining your colony in the Ozarks a prominent Mental Scientist of Florida wrote and advised us not to 'pin our faith to men like Conable,' and said further, 'He is about the biggest crank I ever heard of and his selfishness and mulish overbearing character shows out in every line of his writings. He is no improvement on Dowie.'

"On the back cover of June Philistine I see this: 'What others say of me matters little; what I myself say and do matters much.'

"So I suppose this backbiting and calling one another names by New Thought people matters little; but in April Path-Finder, page 6, I see these words: 'The things

we see in others are but the reflections of ourselves. Bear this in mind when you are speaking unkindly of your neighbors.

"What does this mean?" Is the mule, etc., reflecting upon the woman of Florida? and the fakir upon the Path-Finder editor? Who knows?

"But I must quit quoting. But in Suggestion I see the editor goes after the King Bee of the Success Club in his (the Bee's) chase for S S.

"This may mean that Elizabeth Towne and her Success Circle are fakes; also that the Suggestion editor's scheme is a fraud. Can you tell?

"Elbert Hubbard says many good things in Philistine, yet in 'The Life' one can see 'glimpses of the Roycrofters' which tell of Fra Elbertus being a deceiving and deceived man.

"Now, is it any wonder that ignorant devils like myself, trying to learn from these great writers, get befuddled and bemuddled. The half is not told, but I must go and roll logs and give you a rest.

"I am trying to follow your teachings, but in spite of all I am growing old and stiff.

"Yours 'for the joy of living,' "

I rather enjoy having Path-Finder readers come back at me with my own language.

In the matter of milk, when I wrote the above concerning "infectious" milk, I had in mind the tons of milk the Los Angeles authorities had been confiscating because of the alleged infectious character of it. Diseased cows were being milked—and still are—and the liquid supplied to the city consumers of the beverage. On my recent trip to San Francisco I tasted of some of the milk at several of the Harvey eating houses to see what it was like. The Harvey eating houses are supposed to furnish the best and purest foods that can be found in the country. I found the milk rank and bitter. I was quite curious to ascertain if all milk would now taste to me like that—like so much rank medicine, so I sampled the milk in San Francisco and found that it tasted the

same—fairly nasty, bitter and unwholesome. I cannot think that this milk all came from the same cow, even if she was bred in California. I find that my now exceedingly sensitive taste repels much of food that I once thought to be perfectly lovely and wholesome.

Cow's milk is in no sense a natural food for man and was never intended for man's consumption. It is indigestible and is a disease generator. It produces fevers, cancers and other diseases notwithstanding what the nominal editor of the publication referred to, or any other editor, says. The facts are of record and that is all that is necessary to substantiate my claims.

The remarks of the Florida correspondent make me smile. If she knew me personally, or had known me, these strictures would never have been written, except, possibly, in malice. Had there been the slightest trace of selfishness in my make-up I would have been a millionaire long ago. I am free to admit that I am in possession of some of the characteristics of the sad-eyed mule. I am stubborn and sometimes do a little kicking on the side, or straight out behind, as the necessities seem to demand. I am perfectly well aware that the meat-eating New Thoughters don't like me. I have fractured their ribs too often with my mule heels to have enbosomed myself very dearly within their hearts. Still I love them—all of them—this dear Florida critic not excepted. I love her because she possesses many lovable characteristics. Some day she will take me by the hand and say, "Conable, you are not half so wicked and obstreperous and irrational and cranky and selfish and unfeeling and heartless as I had supposed you to be. You are filled with a little bit of cussedness, but I don't mind that. I cuss a little myself at times—when I run amuck of some of the brainless-pated representatives of different phases of intolerant existence. So, let us shake hands and be good friends. Our work, after all, is directed for the same common good of the race and we can accomplish much more by laboring harmoniously together."

And I will give her my best right hand in perpetual friendship.

But speaking of fakes and fakiry, the human being does not live against

whom this allegation may not apply in some degree—manifestly small in some, while in others it becomes a predominating characteristic. We all have our little fakes in life—some of us indulge in abnormal ones. The man who has a little bigger fake than our own we are always jealous of. The millionaire fake is always jealous of the billionaire fake. The hundred thousand dollar fake is always jealous and envious of the millionaire fake. The ten thousand dollar fake is jealous of the hundred thousand dollar fake and the 75-cent fake is likewise jealous and envious of the seven dollar fake, and so on all through life.

We always see in others what we ourselves possess. This is a fundamental truth that is as old as creation. What we see in others is a reflection of ourselves—in greater or less degree; but we usually try to hide in ourselves the unpleasant things we see in others. Sometimes we succeed and sometimes we do not.

In calling some one else a fake or a fakir, I am not denying that the allegation does not also apply to myself, but I do claim that I am honestly endeavoring to reduce my particular brand of fakiry to a minimum just as fast as possible, and I am trying to assist others to do the same. How well I am succeeding is a matter for future solution.

I am not claiming, and have never claimed, that I am immune from many of life's entanglements. I often find a wholesome lesson myself in many of the things that appear in the editorial columns of this magazine; but I never prescribe any medicine for others that I am not perfectly willing to take myself, and in the biggest sort of doses—none whatever, the efficacy of which, has not first been thoroughly tested by myself.

But there is one thing that I am never proud of and that is to have any one call me a New Thoughter. The expression is absolutely without legitimate significance, even in the face of the premium offered by a "distinguished" New Thoughter for the best definition of the words—a little piece of 'fakiry,' by the way, that was only equaled by the size of the Cripple Creek "mines" that this "fakir" never owned, but whose stock was freely sold for fifty cents a share—up to the

point where the Government Secret Service started to take a hand in the matter—when the "mining" business was discontinued. I have several Cripple Creek mines of the same sort, myself, but I am giving away one-half of them to pay for assessment work. In this particular case our "fakes" differ somewhat in detail, still they are all fakes just the same.

Even the words "New Thought" are faked. As applied to the magazine of this name they were faked—stolen bodily from Virginia Shepard's New Thought magazine published in Allegheny, Pa. This good woman and able writer was forced to change the name of her magazine because of this. She protested in vain against the steal, but she held no trade-mark protection and was therefore helpless.

I started The Path-Finder. After a long time I discovered that there was a paper in Washington, D. C., by the same name. I had never heard of it and I can find no one else that ever had heard of it, but soon after the discovery was made I changed the name of my Path-Finder so as to remove all evidences that I was a professional highwayman. I pleaded guilty to petty larceny and took my medicine. The other fellow got a lot of my subscribers. This was my punishment.

So today we find New Thought, both as a magazine and otherwise, to be among the colossal fakes of the fake New Thought world. The Path-Finder may also be a fake—I am not disputing this charge—but please, friends, as you have hopes of some day entering the Pearly Gates where all fakes and liars are barred, do not class me among the New Thought fakes. I can stand up under any other criminal charge, but kindly spare me this humiliation.

At Huntington Beach

I TOOK my first bath since coming to California some four months ago, at Huntington Beach, some thirty-five miles from Los Angeles, on Saturday, the 13th of August. I went far enough away from the city so that no one would be seriously shocked. My first bath in the Pacific ocean, I mean. I have indulged in a few fresh-water baths in the meantime, just to keep up appearances. In fact, I have been tak-

ing two baths a day most of the time—some times three—cold, hot, friction, etc. The friction baths are taken with a pair of pretty coarse hair brushes. I go from head to feet at a rapid rate and back again, not omitting the scalp and the bottoms of the feet. When I first started in with these brushes I could scarcely touch certain portions of the body with them; now, however, I find that I must displace them and get regular horse brushes if I would feel them at all. The dry brush friction bath, after a cold bath, or at any other time, is the greatest skin and body purifier in the world. Consumptives have been known to be cured permanently by the steady and persistent application of this form of bath. Of course proper methods of living must accompany it.

But I started out to speak of my August outing, and not to give a dissertation on baths.

To Mr. W. B. Thompson, agent of the Huntington Beach Company of Los Angeles, I am indebted for the most delightful day's outing that has so far fallen to my lot since coming to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Thompson had called on me a couple of times and incidentally purchased six copies of my book, "Factors in the Process of Human Development"—one for himself first and five others later for friends whom he thought ought to have these books. Mr. Thompson says that a million people ought to have this book and the Path-Finder, a statement that I shall not question.

Huntington Beach is going to be one of the if not the greatest and most picturesque seaside resorts along the Southern California coast. It is situated about fifteen miles below Long Beach and about thirty-five miles from Los Angeles—just an hour out on the Pacific Electric Co.'s flyers; and these are flyers. They take you at the rate of a mile a minute a great portion of the distance. The old steam roads, in comparison, are like driving a yoke of cattle in the olden times of my boyhood.

The run is a magnificent one all the way from Los Angeles—through orchards, vineyards and a desert made gloriously beautiful by the reclaiming water processes.

Leaving Los Angeles at 9 a. m., we reached Huntington Beach an hour

later, when we were taken into a canopy-topped vehicle and driven over the grounds of this new resort. The Huntington Co. has purchased several thousand acres at this point, the greater portion of which has been laid out into twenty-five-foot lots, all the boulevard lots facing the ocean and at an elevation of about thirty feet above high tide. The greater portion of the front tier of lots have been sold, all bringing \$1000 for each twenty-five feet, but these front lots are sold only in pairs. Many beautiful homes are already under construction; a fine school building has been constructed, a bank building is under way, there are many stores, bathing accommodations, a great pavilion where music and dancing hold forth at frequent periods, and many other attractive features are noticeable on every hand. Along the beach the company is constructing over three miles of beautiful boulevard, in front of which and leading up to the perpendicular banks where you descend to the beach proper, beautiful flowering parks are being constructed, and another season will see this whole spot blossom as the rose. Water mains are being put in and wide cement walks and curbing, trees and everything intended to beautify the place is being pushed forward rapidly by the company. Front lots are being sold for \$1000, but as you go back a little they are cheaper—the third tier, I believe, being held as low as \$190 each. Of course nothing short of the front row would be appropriate for the Path-Finder for a summer villa, and nothing short of a hundred feet front would be sufficient for our view seaward; still we may have to be content with merely looking out of a car window. But if this smart company knew a few things that would make it still smarter, they would say, just go down there, Conable, and take your choice of what is left. I am free to admit that Huntington Beach is the only ocean resort I have yet seen that I would think of complimenting with my presence. I wouldn't mind having my great Temple of Learning down there. Some point accessible to Los Angeles will have this institution one of these days. It will be an auditorium that will seat 5000 people and the capacity of the Electric Companies will be taxed to their utmost to take care of my

people, who will want to hear the great Truths of Life and the glorious music that will be rendered each Sunday in the year.

After a brief trip over the grounds and taking in the great future possibilities of Huntington Beach, backed as it is with all the capital necessary to beautify and perfect everything, Mr. Thompson invited us to don a bathing suit and accompany him out among the breakers. This invitation was accepted with celerity and soon we were being tossed hither and yon by the great white-capped billows as easily as though we were a handful of seaweed. If one has never speculated on the insignificance of one's self, let him go in surf bathing once and all the conceit will be taken out of him and replaced by a tub full of salt water, and the ocean won't even miss it. But, in his semi-nude attire, I discovered that my friend Thompson was an athlete and that he could wrestle more successfully with the liquid mountains than any one I have seen for years. As for myself, I just jumped astride of some of the biggest waves and rode inshore at a rapid rate without even a saddle, though I must confess that I was often unhorsed, and with the same wave breath that spat me on shore I was carried far out again, and again heaved up on the sand. I was not accustomed to surf bathing and it took some little time to familiarize myself with anything like successful methods of combating the persistent assaults of the rolling aquatic monsters. I did not succeed very well, but I managed to get wet and that is what I was there for.

Periodically we would strew ourselves on the sun-parched sands on the shore and take a combined sand and sun bath. This seemed delightful and perfectly harmless—until the next day. I am still peeling myself off as a eucalyptus tree sheds its bark, and not infrequently I weep a quart of brine out of my left ear on the pillow at night. But I think I shall recover sufficiently to try it again when Mr. Thompson takes me to the Catalina Islands, as he says he is going to. Anyway I shall not resist him forcibly.

But the day was gloriously beautiful in all its aspects and Mr. Thompson made it one of the greatest delights of my whole life. He is an accomplished

entertainer, besides possessing every attribute going to make up a man in every sense. Not only this, but Mr. Thompson is a growing man, which is better than everything else, and I like him all the way through—even if he is a real estate representative—a fact I would not have come into possession of on this trip had he not revealed his identity by presenting his card after the trip was at an end. But there are real estate agents and real estate agents. Our strictures regarding this particular profession here in Los Angeles has reference purely to the robber class and not to the honest man. I always love to take an honest man by the hand, no matter what his calling.

Sun-cooked, sand-cooked and water-soaked, we returned to Los Angeles at about four in the afternoon, gathered up a couple of armfuls of fruits, nuts, etc., and proceeded to Path-Finder home, where the same was consumed with a ravenous appetite that only such an outing is capable of producing.

I nearly forgot to mention that on this trip a chaperon accompanied the party—a joyous, sunny ray of exquisite womanhood—who had to be saved from the yawning billows of seething foam every few minutes. I guess this was what gave Mr. Thompson and myself the vociferous appetites.

But it was a jolly day, spent in a jolly way, and we were all made better and happier by the trip; and I am under lasting obligations to Mr. Thompson for it all.

A Flyer to 'Frisco

I SPENT twenty-four hours in San Francisco the middle of the past month, called there on a telegram from a Central American friend on his way back to the tropics from a trip to Europe.

I had expected when I found time to go to 'Frisco to shake hands with the numerous Path-Finder friends there, but as I was in the midst of getting out the September issue of this magazine, I found it impossible to stay a moment beyond the time I finished my business with the gentleman who had telegraphed me to meet him there.

This meeting was to discuss matters pertaining to the future growth and extension of Path-Finder work. At this time I can only say that all was

perfectly satisfactory and that next year will witness the beginning of a great work pertaining to our colony, etc.

One experiences all sorts of climate in a trip from Los Angeles to San Francisco via the San Joaquin route of the Santa Fe system. Leaving Los Angeles midst the glories of a most beautifully temperate climate, it is not long before the cactus desert is reached, where the sun pours down with greatest intensity. Everything is dry and parched, the cars are filled with dust and the odor of crude oil which is here used for fuel on all the railroads, making railroad traveling anything but agreeable.

Reaching the mountain range dividing Northern from Southern California, the temperature dropped a few degrees, but when once the San Joaquin valley was reached near Bakersfield and on up to Fresno, it seemed that all hell had turned loose its fiery furnaces for our special benefit, fearing, perhaps, that we would never get any closer to the real thing. However this may be, we beg to be excused from another mid-summer trip over this particular portion of California. Had our mind ever reverted to the San Joaquin valley for colonization purposes, this trip certainly settled the matter for all time. Several deaths were reported in and around Bakersfield from the effects of the frightful heat the day I passed through that country.

On reaching San Francisco I exchanged a light suit of clothing for a heavier suit and put on an overcoat. San Francisco has its winter in August, I am told, and there seemed to be no doubt about this. This damp, cold fog and winds off the ocean and bay go right straight through a person, and there are no fires anywhere to counteract the effects of these piercing winds. One just goes around humped up, shivering with cold, constantly thinking damet on the inside and wondering when the next train leaves the country. Soon as you strike the town you begin searching the railway guides to ascertain how soon you can get away. Women were wrapped in furs and the fur stores had all their goods displayed in the windows. Think of wearing furs in dog days in a "semi-tropical" climate! No wonder they have so

many prize-fights in 'Frisco. One must do something active to keep from freezing to death.

Again, San Francisco cannot compare with Los Angeles from any standpoint—except in the matter of prize fighting. They have the worst little dinky street car service there I have ever seen in any city of pretensions, and the conductors remind me of the street car conductors in Denver, Colorado—a coarse, uncivil lot of ignorant brutes—many of them; while in Los Angeles I am reminded of the street car service in Colorado Springs, Colorado, where gentlemen are invariably the rule. In all my travels the United States over I have never seen such a complete and superb street car service as Los Angeles has. You can go anywhere—in every direction in most superb cars and in the speediest possible time. If you want to go to the beach or any of the seaside resorts you can travel at the rate of a mile a minute on a roadbed as smooth as a billiard table. Then again, there does not seem to be the push and enterprise in San Francisco that there is in her great rival down the coast. There is no building going on to speak of in the upper town and the streets looked like Sunday in Los Angeles. Still San Francisco is far ahead of many of the Eastern cities in some respects, only it does not do to make the comparison with Los Angeles, the acknowledged most progressive city in the world, that will add a hundred thousand to her population every decade.

I saw just one person in San Francisco that I did not go there especially to see on this trip. This was my old friend from Denver, Herbert George, who is now president of the Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco, and has direct charge of the whole State work of organizing the business interests of the State against the lawlessness of the outfit that does not want to work and tries to prevent everyone else from working. Herbert George is the best friend of the honest working man that there is in this country and he is the hardest hitter against the professional labor agitator that this country has yet dug up. "Anything from a knock-down and drag-out to a prayer meeting," says George, can be had at the hands of his organization. Of course he prefers the prayer meeting methods

in handling all labor troubles, but where the former is insisted on he is ready to meet all demands. I found Mr. George in a beautiful suite of rooms in one of the new business blocks of San Francisco, where he is about the businest man I have seen since coming to the coast.

Many people have formed a wrong idea of Mr. George's work and that of the business men's associations he is organizing. Not a single feature of this work is directed against honest labor. It is all in the interest of honest labor and protects the honest working man at all times and under all circumstances in his efforts to hold down his job unmolested. In other words, Mr. George represents the so-called open shop method of doing business, where the workingman can feel secure in a permanent position if he wants it.

The Path-Finder stands for the honest endeavor of every human being regardless of race, color or previous condition. Every man has a right to be protected by his government in the pursuit of honest effort; but there is nothing in the Constitution of this country which guarantees protection to any individual who tries to build up himself by tearing down others. The Constitution of the United States recognizes the higher law of life—that each individual must build for himself on a firm and solid foundation if he would survive. No one can build up individual character and independence on a foundation erected by some one else. We must do all the constructing ourselves; all the building; all the advancing; all the unfolding. No self-appointed agents of any kind can do this work for us. This fact should be understood by everyone—that there can be no upward growth that is not of our own conception, put into practical manifestation solely by ourselves. When we get into trouble it is when we lose our own individuality and look to others for help and assistance to carry us through the trying ordeals of life.

The pulpit and the platform take advantage of the ignorance of the world in this regard and keep their followers in serfdom as long as possible. Ignorance is at the bottom of every negative condition and every failure in life. When we stretch out our hands to others for help we acknowledge our

own incapacity to cope with the experiences which come to us for our own individual solution and which we should master ourselves if we would remove the yoke of bondage and oppression.

So the world has ever provided, here and there, specific educators to show the multitude the paths that may be safely followed in all conditions in life. And this is all that can be done—point out the right way to the individual whose opportunities to find the truth for himself have been temporarily clouded over.

Coming back to Los Angeles—again across the fierce, fiery desert—we sent up a few thanksgiving offerings that our footsteps had been led to the "City of Angels" rather than to the town of a thousand different climates every twenty-four hours farther up the stream.

But some day I am going to 'Frisco and shake all my friends by the hand—at a time, however, when the equator will not be found in the San Joaquin valley and the north pole will be removed some distance from San Francisco bay. I like changes in climatic conditions. I don't like too much monotony in anything, but a hundred degrees change in a five hours' ride is a little too much for even me.

The more I see of California the better am I satisfied with the particular section in close proximity to Los Angeles and with the city of Los Angeles itself. I desire to keep in touch with some large city. There are only two large cities in California worth mentioning—San Francisco and Los Angeles. The former does not attract me as being suitable for a home. The latter, while it is by no means perfect in every respect, still there is sufficient of good connected with it to keep me, at least for the present, within its borders.

I have a lovely little cottage now which is my permanent home. It has five rooms besides the bathroom and pantry connections. I have a beautiful-toned Chickering piano which some of my friends play on when they come to see me, and sometimes I amuse myself with it when no one is in hearing distance. This is where I serve my uncooked lunches anywhere from three to six in the afternoon. A friend dropped in the other day and here is the menu I served:

First course—Sliced grape fruit and quartered oranges.

Second course—Aerated bread and olive oil, quartered cucumbers that had been soaked for a half hour in a solution of salt and water, lettuce and olive oil and sliced tomatoes.

Third course—Fresh ripe figs, muscat grapes and almonds.

Fourth course—Watermelon and cantaloupe.

How is that for a swell luncheon? This might be varied every day in the year here in California, so plentiful and great the variety of fruits always in the market. I don't know how I have survived so long outside this State. Still when it comes to apples and peaches and strawberries, many portions of the East raise much superior qualities to those found in California; but it is the great abundance of everything the year 'round that moves me to applaud this Pacific State.

A lady friend asked me the other day, "Who keeps house for you?" "No one," I replied. "My house requires no keeping. It just takes care of itself." "But who mends your stockings, etc.?" "No one. You see whenever my hosiery reaches the point where it requires personal attention, I just burn it up, thus avoiding contagion, and the and-so-forth portion of my wearing apparel and other things require no more attention than does my stove which has never had a fire in it except to burn up a little rubbish." "But you get homesome, don't you?" "No; never. You see I have fallen in love with myself so completely that a third person constantly in my home would be a most undesirable superfluity—unless—unless it so happened that such third person was entirely in harmony with me and my ways and my methods of living, and was beautiful and grand and noble and knew about four times as much as I do. Then I would consider the matter in all its varied hues and phases and take the thing under consideration for four or five years. At the end of that time should there be no conflict of opinion on either side of the house I might possibly consent that such a one come in and "do" the dishes and occupy a small corner of the bathroom, provided it was at a time that I was not using it myself."

"So, that's the sort of man you are, is it?"

Precisely. My home is too small for a permanent occupant other than myself and my companion on the inside; but the latch-string is always on the outer casement to my friends and all those who are in search of a better and a more peaceful and contented way of living. To all these the most cordial invitation is extended to come and see me and get better acquainted.

One more thing: Among the many frailties of character which possess me there is one which very much resembles the characteristics of most of the gentler sex, viz., I am exceedingly fond of pretty things that are good. Knowing this, the day following my return from San Francisco I received a package by express from my Central American friend which revealed to my astonished vision two beautiful diamonds, one for myself and one for a mutual friend residing in Colorado. If there is any one thing in the world that I like better than oranges, it is diamonds; so now that I have them both in abundance, I feel that my powers of attraction are pretty well stimulated. Ever since I landed in California the tide has been turning my way.

Next year I shall have something to tell the world that will be of interest.

Doctors and Disease

I MADE the acquaintance of a Doctor of Medicine on the Pullman coming down from San Francisco recently. He was a gentlemanly, jovial fellow, intelligent and courteous, as most doctors are. He had been up to 'Frisco to arrange for the transportation of a big Knights Templar delegation from his city which desired to visit the Triennial Conclave which meets in San Francisco this month. "I hope I shall see you in September," he remarked to me as he caught sight of a Knights Templar charm on my watch chain. "It is very doubtful," I replied, "if I get to 'Frisco again this year. I am fond of the order and its members, but I have long since ceased taking an active part in the work. My heart's desires have been cast in other directions." This gentleman then handed me his card, which read, "_____, M. D."

I am always glad to meet M. D.'s. I have a lot of friends among this profession, and whenever I meet one on the side, so to speak, he always un-bosoms himself to me in the freest sort of way—unless, as it happens at times, that the M. D. has an idea that he is really engaged in a legitimate profession, which is very rarely the case. Then I proceed to have a lot of fun.

"But, Conable, you don't mean to include surgeons in your list of unscientific professions, do you?" the doctor asked. "I certainly do not. Surgery can be made a science, but it seldom is, as you are aware. The practice of medicine is the biggest piece of fakiry in the world, as you are also aware. It is purely an experimental proposition from beginning to end, and most of the experiments are failures. Is that not so, doctor?" I asked. "Yes, that is too true, but what would you do with a case (naming it) like this? We give a certain kind of medicine (naming it) for possibly six months—as long as the patient can stand it—then we change for a short time and then again take up the same medicine and continue to give it as long as the patient can again stand it. Of course this medicine practically salivates the patient, and when we pronounce him cured, in from two to three years, the patient is a physical wreck, but we cannot help this. We have given the only known remedies that will cure the disease and you must admit that we have accomplished something; that the patient would have died had he taken no medicine at all."

"I am not willing to admit anything of the sort," I replied. "Then what would you do in such cases?" was asked. "I would first start the patient out on a proper diet, a thing you doctors always recommend, but you don't go far enough and enforce your demands. It is necessary to eliminate all forms of stimulants, including meat in every form. It is necessary that the patient should take certain forms of baths regularly, and persistently cleanse the body by short periods of fasts. It is unnecessary to take long weakening fasts at the outset, as many "reform" dieticians insist upon. Come into it gradually, that there may be no weakening conditions induced to accompany the disease. The fasts and the

baths will accomplish in one-third of the time you doctors take, what you profess to accomplish in two or three years, and the patient is restored to better health conditions than he was ever in during his whole life. He is not salivated. His teeth are not gone. His bones are not perforated and made brittle, and he does not look as though he should be dead instead of trying to live, as every patient does under your forms of treatment. I know you do the best you know how. The colleges teach you all you know about these things, but it is a wonder to me that some of you bright fellows don't do a little experimenting with Nature occasionally and get away from your miserable text books that are responsible for the loss of more lives than all the wars and accidents combined in the whole world."

This doctor was anxious to know more about my methods and ways of living. He freely admitted that it was the money side of the proposition that kept doctors in the profession; that there was nothing in it from a scientific point of view, and that they killed thousands of people by their experiments. He admitted that the State medical law was not to protect the helpless people against so-called quacks, but to protect the doctors against encroachments upon their profession—that they may go on unmolested in their experimental methods and remain free from the assumption of any responsibility when a patient loses his life through such experiments.

And nearly every State in the Union has had, from time to time, fool legislative bodies that have enabled the medical profession throughout the country to maintain a system that takes more human lives daily than all other forms and processes combined.

But, as I told this doctor, an ignorant public demands this sort of thing and where there is a demand there is always a supply. It did not blame him particularly. I only blame the legislative end of the Commonwealth that licenses this sort of murder and hangs some men for the commission of a lesser crime.

But these things will all be righted in good time. When we cease to attract the surgeon's knife and the doctor's deadly drugs, we will have so

thoroughly strengthened and perfected our own bodies as to be immune to everything that is likely to deprive us of our lives in anything but a purely natural way. And as there is but one natural way, and that is to live, and as this fact is fast dawning upon the world at large, we can easily foresee the finale of the medical profession and the resultant increased longevity of the human race.

SHORT PATHS.

—William E. Towne sends me a practical little booklet on "Worry, Hurry, Scurry, Flurry Cured." Readers of this magazine who are addicted to any one of these annoying habits should send 25 cents to the author, Holyoke, Mass.

—Just now a young man rang my door-bell. "What is it, young man?" I queried. "Have you made any arrangements yet for your meat supply?" was the question. "Yes, I have arranged everything in regard to meat," I responded, and he went away, saying, "sorry we cannot serve you." I was grieved myself, but I never let on.

—Just my luck. When I was down at the beach recently Los Angeles experienced an hour's heavy rainfall. I would surrender my chances on drawing a reserved seat in the New Jerusalem just to get one little, tiny glimpse of a single drop of soft water in this country. But they tell me that a few months later the heavens will weep copiously. I shall then bottle up a quart as a relic of a happy past.

—A five-gallon bottle of distilled water adorns a shady nook in one corner of my raw food pantry. There are two water distilling factories in Los Angeles. Something has to be done to keep the alkali'd populace on its feet. The other distilleries have the reverse effect, though there is less drunkenness on the streets of Los Angeles than any other large city I have ever been in. In this respect I am reminded of Colorado Springs, though there are plenty of saloons here, while there are none (but drug stores) in Colorado Springs. But a town with saloons that takes care of its drunkards is a step in advance. The tendency is upward and that is something to commend.

—What are we coming to? I heard

of a case the other day, here in Los Angeles, where the husband in a family was so persistently polite and loving to his wife that it aroused the suspicions of the neighbors. The neighbors concluded that the couple were not married at all. No man would be fool enough, they thought, to love his wife like that for thirty or forty years, or for even one year. Married people should be very careful—and especially husbands—what sort of an example they set before the rising generation. It is permissible for a man to take off his hat to his neighbor's wife, but he must be very careful about his conduct in his own household lest he attract the police authorities.

—Among the many strange, but picturesque scenes which have recently come to my vision and held it spell-bound, as it were, here in Los Angeles, was a mother and father wheeling two baby carriages containing three babies. The mother's carriage contained two of the babies while that of the father contained one. This was another illustration of the man compelling woman to bear the greater burden. Still it was a relief not to see the woman wheeling all three of the babies, while the "overworked" man led the way with a cigarette torch as the woman's beacon light. But what of all these little ones with but one mother and one father? It suddenly dawned upon me that I was in the irrigated districts of California where nothing is impossible.

—In my front yard are some beautiful roses and calla lilies. In my back yard there are all sorts of geraniums, carnations, etc. A lady asked me the other day, "Who makes up your bed for you?" Now, this question was a bit personal, but I did not let on that I did not enjoy it immensely. "You see," I replied, "I never have my bed made up." I just throw all the covering back in the morning and the breezes that blow all the day long through the roses and the carnations sweep through my bedroom windows and kiss my pillow with the sweetest of fragrant breaths. And this is the perfume I bathe in nightly, and this is the reason I require no one to make up my bed, and not for the purpose of breaking up the Chambermaids' Union, as some may have supposed."

—I thought before coming West that I had builded myself against the possibility of falling heir to any sort of habit, but I find I am mistaken. Here I am at the age of something less than a hundred, with a new-formed appetite that is likely to fill me so full of seeds that the State Agricultural Department will insist on taking me to its experimental station. I have got the fig habit and I have got it bad, and like all other men who fall, I charge up this newly-acquired habit to my friends. Up to very recently I was perfectly innocent as to the ravages fresh ripe figs would create in the interior of the human anatomy. I was tempted and fell. I fell several times. Now I am prostrate the most of the time—in the absence of figs. In an unguarded moment, a friend gave me a couple of fresh ripe figs to taste of, wondering if I would like them. This

was the starting point to my downfall. Recently I have called several times at the delightful home of Judge and Mrs. Charles O. Morgan, in 30th Place, this city. These friends have several fig trees in their yard yielding most delicious varieties. Mrs. Morgan invited me to an eleven o'clock luncheon of figs, and as if this temptation was not sufficient, she had picked a sack full for me to carry home—provided I liked them. Yes, *provided* I liked them. Well, it is hard to tell when I shall again regain my normal self. Not until the figs are all gone anyway. I find I am not so strong as I supposed myself to be. Still the fig appetite is powerfully exhilarating—when it is being satisfied—and I must confess that I am wasting no tears because of this particular lapse in my powers of self-control.

Dead Yesterdays

(THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE)

BY ERRANTE

CHAPTER X.

[The first installment of "Dead Yesterdays" appeared in the January, 1904, issue of CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER. Back numbers of this great life story will be sent to all new subscribers without charge, until the editions are exhausted.]

HAVE you ever felt the rapture of the fight? It's a strange, exhilarating sensation that would be delightful were it not for the calamitous hollow feeling that accompanies it, located in the pit of the stomach, where powerful King Fear sits enthroned in the human economy.

I felt perfectly sure that several of those big shells, howling around overhead were searching particularly for my whereabouts, and almost as certain that, sooner or later, some one of them would discover and make a mess of me; and involuntarily I began dodging as they went screaming by, on noticing which, Colonel Wilson turned on me sharply, saying in a low voice: "Here, here! That won't do! Remember you are an American wearing an officer's uniform. Face the music like a man or you will have these little Peruvians laughing at you."

His sharp, kindly rebuke brought me to my senses at once, and, thinking of "those boys," Ella Wheeler, and disgrace, I gritted my teeth to keep my confounded cowardly lower jaw from rattling, clenched my hands till my finger-nails dug into the flesh and took up as prominent a position as possible to watch the proceedings and struggle against innate fear, but I couldn't down him, and although I was complimented for bravery after the battle, I frankly admit that every shell fired by the Spaniards throughout that long, nerve-racking day hit me square in the stomach long before reaching the shore to attend to its pre-destined engagement. Every time a puff of smoke would spring from the ship's side, seaward, a gang of infernal, sickening throbs would dance a jig in my digestive department, driving me to address myself as several kinds of a jackass for ever having left the Pennsylvania hills.

The Spaniards seemed to have realized that our vaunted mines and torpedoes were of the stuff "that dreams

are made of;" for, with the most unlimited confidence they circled about the bay on an elongated ellipse, giving us their port and starboard batteries at each corresponding turn, and treating all our positions with impartial equality, although the "Numancia," their only iron-clad, seemed particularly bent on keeping in touch with the Blakelys, and Turret, paying but little attention to Mar Brava, or the Peruvian fleet of tugs and sawed-off craft that had been metamorphosed into battleships for the occasion, mounting guns of all calibres and descriptions inherited possibly from Pizzaros Conquest of the country.

In a very short space of time the extra excitement died out and the battle steadied, and became general, with sweating gun crews, stripped to the waist, standing at cranks and winches for orders, or struggling with the ponderous ammunition between magazine and hoists; Wilson, cool and collected, the center of a group of officers, all of them under fire for the first time, standing in plain view on the parapet watching the enemy through his glasses, and directing the operations of Kopetzky, who was passing from gun to gun, training and firing them. To me, after the terror of the novice left me, and I became sufficiently self-possessed to remember what my name was, my surroundings became nervously exhilarating, for the ear-splitting thunder of the guns from the fleet and shore, the roll of drums, the fanfare of bugles, the cheering, the hoof-beats of speeding horses, the shouts and yells and the occasional distant crashing of shattered timbers, with the screams and hisses of the shells overhead, all went to make up a hell's holiday such as I had often dreamed of as what the "Glorious Fourth" should be, were it given its just dues, but had never otherwise realized in my far-distant home, where the red-breast caroled his pean of welcome to blushing dawn, and the sweet-throated whip-o'-will piped his adieu to parting day as the shadows of the giant hemlocks stalked down the stump-flecked hillside to blanket the placid river.

Suddenly, and when least expected, there is a blinding, deafening roar our midst that flings me, stunned, face downward, blood-smeared, but unharmed, and I stagger to my feet to

assist in carrying nine moaning, mangled human forms to where the young aproned surgeons with bared arms and polished saws and knives, await their "pound of flesh"; and to help cover with gunny sacks and blankets five dead companions who a few short hours before had sung with me the songs of home. I felt nausea where fear had reigned supreme until then, but anger soon drove it from me. The savage in me was aroused, and I wanted to kill somebody.

Powder-grimed, sweating, angry men—fiends were a better name for them—glared at each other for a moment in mute horror and then, with shouts of vengeance and curses on their lips, turned again to the guns with frantic energy, and the great obedient, semi-sentient engines of destruction bellowed death, with increased rapidity at the children of heart-broken, lonely mothers, who, far away in the blue hills of priest-ridden Spain—followed the sweep of the sun with loving thought and prayed to the Mother of God to shield their sons. Sherman was right: "War is hell;" and the great, who love to play the game—and always will while fools may be had for pawns—give never a thought to the plight of the orphans, and widows, or the salt of the mother's tears.

The smoke banks, instead of floating away seemed bent on shrouding both friend and foe; and as the day wore on, a great part of the time we could only follow the movements of the fleet by occasional glimpses of its top-hamper above them. There is a momentary pause in the steady booming, seaward, as one of the enemy's vessels, the "Villa de Madrid," drops out of the line, listed to port, and squares away for the Island, shortly to be followed by another, and still another; and then we yell ourselves hoarse with cheers. Victory was perching on our banners, but the haughty Don kept doggedly blazing away with mechanical regularity with what ships he had left, pounding the Blakelys and Turret, and occasionally driving a shell through the card-board city, but, as noted early in the day by Colonel Wilson, few of his shell were bursting.

I had made several trips with messages to headquarters on horses that stood saddled at the gate, and now

Colonel Wilson, an enthusiastic light in his cold grey eyes, handed me a card on which he had written his congratulations to General Galvez for the ships out of action, telling me to deliver it, and in a minute I was on my way at a gallop through the city, dodging falling debris and broken glass, overtaking the General as he was about to enter the Turret's compound, surrounded by his brilliant staff, and while he was scribbling his answer on the reverse of the Colonel's card I had an opportunity to chaff Castaneda regarding his dispiriting premonition, and his still being safe and sound in the land of the living, although several times during the day I had found myself, and others, wondering how, beforehand, he had been so sure of the Spaniards attacking us on that particular day.

Receiving the General's answer with a verbal message to Wilson that he would be over to Santa Catarina to see us in a short time, I saluted, gave Castaneda's hand a hearty pressure, again chaffing him, and dashed back to the redoubt where, as I drew rein, my horse staggered as if shot, nearly throwing me! The sentry at the gate swayed against the wall like a drunken man, the earth swung under us like a hammock, and a roar, terrific, stunning, angry, deep, as if from the bowels of a volcano, tore open the steady thunder of ships and shore, and looking back over the city's roofs I saw a column of fire, smoke and debris, the size of a block of buildings shooting skyward as if from the pit of hades. The powder magazine of the iron Turret had exploded, blasting with its fiery breath the hopes and dreams and ambitions of patrician parents, for the flower of Lima's youth and talent was but worthless animal charcoal when that debris returned earthward. Galvez and his staff were killed to a man. Castaneda's mysterious premonition had been fulfilled to the letter.

There is little more to tell. The fight went on with spasmodic energy on both sides until the defeated Spaniards withdrew with a loss of two hundred men, claiming their shells had blown up the Turret, and silenced many of the Peruvian guns, neither claim being true, for the first was, owing to the construction of the Turret, simply impossible; and the second was

a silence produced through lack of ammunition for the myriad calibred batteries of Mar Brava.

A shell from the Armstrong's burst between decks on the "Villa de Madrid," killing forty, and destroying her engines to an extent that necessitated her being towed out of range by the "Vencedora" gallantly working her guns, however, to the last minute; the Almansa was fired twice from the shore and put out of action; the "Berenquela" was sent seaward listed to port and zig-zagging like a winged duck, and the "Blanca" left the line, it was claimed by the Dons, for lack of ammunition, but the Peruvians claimed as badly pounded as her mates, and even the ships that fought to a finish had received a pretty severe shaking up.

It was a glorious rattling fight for both parties concerned. The hot-headed stay-at-home Spaniards, who make of their country's defenders heroes, no matter how they win a battle, or how insignificant the victory may be; and traitors, no matter how bravely they fight, nor what adverse circumstances may cause their defeat; poured the vials of his unreasonable wrath on the devoted head of chivalrous Mendez Nuñez, and his gallant subalterns; who unvacilatingly attacked powerful defenses at short range, in rotten, out-of-date wooden tubs, thousands of miles from a base of supplies. But Spaniards yet unborn will point with thrills of just pride to the battle of Callao, while future generations of fawn-eyed Peruvians will historize it in song and story.

It was astonishing to note the sang-froid of the delicate little Peruvian dudes; many of them mere boys, reared in the lap of luxury, whose hands never touched an implement of toil weightier than a lead pencil, and whose knowledge of the great world's strife was limited by the confines of Limas saloons; effeminate carpet knights in every sense of the word, standing unflinchingly at the guns, stripped to the waist in the broiling sun, hurling cast-iron and profanity at an European foe renowned for valor and military expertness.

Incomparably superior to the Chilian in every element that goes toward making the sum total of manhood it has always been a mystery to me how

the gallant little Peruvians were so easily conquered by the scoundrelly "Roto" of the south in the late war between the two countries, but a still greater mystery is what caused the United States to stand, hands down, while Peru was being despoiled of her fabulously rich province of Tarapaca; and why, today, our government still allows Chile—the bitterest enemy of Americanism on the American continent, and tool of Europe—to suck the life blood from that territory contrary to all right and justice; contrary to American interests, and the choice of the people of the territory, and contrary to the Bond.

Uncle Sam must have some good and valid reason for what seems to be his criminal indifference in this unsettled question between Chili and Peru, but what it can be outside of negligence, or incompetent state craft, I cannot imagine.

I went among the Peruvians a child. I may say, and found brothers and sisters, aye, and kindly loving fathers and mothers, and enthusiastic admirers of Americans and American institutions wherever my unquiet spirit directed my restless footsteps and I now see them through the dreamlike past as a generous, brave, and hospitable race, and quite the contrary are my memories of the Chilians.

Even a Peruvian highwayman will treat you with urbanity, and return your plunder if he considers that its loss may jeopardize your health or personal safety, while a Chilian of the same class will murder his victim for a nickel, always scalping the face of the corpse to prevent the possibility of recognition, and a close study will demonstrate similar disparity of moral trend in the different social classes of the two countries. Scratch the varnish from a common Peruvian thief and you will find traces of the gentleman as evident as you will find under the diamond-studded shirt front of the Chilian "Caballero" the indications of the unscrupulous trickster, hypocrite and brute.

The casualties on the Peruvian side ranged anywhere from forty to forty hundred. No one, not even the government ever knew how many were killed by the explosion of the Tower, and as it's a rule with all Spanish-American governments to exaggerate

the losses of the enemy and underestimate, or totally deny, their own, it is imagine the Spanish official admission difficult to estimate either side, but I of two hundred dead and wounded was nearly, or quite equalled by the losses of their opponents. Had even fifty per cent of the Spanish shells burst, however, a different tale would have been told. We would not only have been badly defeated but Callao would have been laid in ashes.

There were many heroic actions and comic incidents during the bombardment worthy of record, but among the former none so notable as that of a Greek fisherman whose name I am very sorry I have forgotten. This illiterate descendant of some heroic defender of the Pass of the Thermopolae—he could have descended from a no less valient lineage—who was in command of a squad of "beech-combers" of different nationalities in charge of one of the tugs, mounting a rusty eighteen-pounder, that formed a unit of the nondescript fleet at the government service in the bay, found himself deserted by his dastardly crew at the beginning of the action, but, without them, he succeeded in getting up steam, and his anchor, and all day long fought the craft single-handed, much to the admiration of fleet and shore.

On each return to shallow water after a sally against the enemy he would relash his old howitzer that was mounted on the forward deck in line with the stern of his craft, load and elevate it by rule of thumb while getting up steam, oil his engines, tie down the safety valve, cram the furnace with fuel, open the throttle "for all she was worth," jump into the wheel house and dash seaward to meet the haughty invader at short range with the confidence of a commander of a first-class battleship; aiming the gun with the vessel's wheel and firing it with a fish-pole from the wheel house window, to then return to the anchorage, proceed to grease up, fire up, and repeat the operation, under a shower of shot and shell that would have paralyzed an ordinary man with fear. They shot away his flag repeatedly, carved off large slices of his wheel house, perforated his smoke-stack until it looked like a Pennsylvania coal screen, and exploded one shell in his engine-room, but he kept pelting away at them all

day and fired the last Peruvian shot at them as they retreated. He was given a life pension by the government, and although no one suspected him of having hit anything but the Pacific ocean during the fight, all admitted that he deserved the pension.

From among what at the time seemed to me comical incidents I will cite one: Next door to our sleeping apartments at Kopetzky's quarters resided Mr. Lawrence Mulligan, deserter from the English navy, ex-“best man” in Her British Majesty’s Mediterranean Fleet, smuggler, speculator, longshoreman and jolly good fellow, who always took to the woods when a British man-of-war entered port, and had spasms whenever he met Her Majesty’s Consul on the street, a queer combination of illogical piety, daring, generosity, economy, and business cunning, who always, owing to his myriad peculiar professions, came home in the “wee sma’ hours,” singing in his rich velvety brogue:

“All that I’d frayly give to her,
And did Hiv-v-v-vin but grant me more,
To machree machra; me Colleen Bawn;
Me Mollie Bawn Asthore!”

He followed me about the world for years, in his cups was always singing, but I never heard him sing anything else, nor any more, of his unintelligible verse. Poor Larry! It was all the music there was in him.

“Mishther Cowpesky,” he would yell through the partition between our quarters, after scratching matches for half an hour to light his candle, “Mishther Cowpesky, is it a sup of the crayther yez will be afther havin’ to warm yer sowl?” * * * Glory be to God, but it’s a fine bottle av auld Scotch, an no mistake intirely, I brung wid me this blessed night av our Lord. Will yez be afther openin’ the dure?”

“No, Larry,” Kopetzky would answer; “it’s too late; we will have a drink with you in the morning.”

“Mebbe yez will and mebbe yez will not,” he would shout back. “Shure it’s not a cargo at all, at all, but only wan bottle I brung wid me, more’s the pity; and it’s sorely afeered, I am, intirely, that it will be dlorier than yer hat long before morning, praise the Lord! Yez had bether be afther openin’ the dure, me bye, while yez have any kind av a chance, at all, at all, fur

a sup av the foينest auld Scotch that ivver iled the gullet av a bo’sen. It’s fifty cases av this illigant liquid meself and the inspicter av customs put ashore unbeknownst to the government this blessed night av our Lord. glory be to God! And it’s another fifty we’d a brung only fer the snaken coast gardes, bad ‘cess to thim,” and so he would rattle along by the hour telling us of his funny smuggling adventures in comical brogue, with convincing logic, until we would fall asleep tired out with laughing.

He was the life of our queer cosmopolitan bachelor colony gathered from the four quarters of the globe in a queer, strange land—made up of ex-confederate veterans of the “wah” who “reckoned, sah, there were enough of us put to put up a pretty stiff fight.” Lank New Bedford fishermen with sinews of steel working under their blue-white skins. Absconding cashiers and presidents of American financial institutions who had “blown in” their plunder at the races or “bucking the tiger” and were learning the joy of work, free of their Pinkerton nightmares in traditionless Peru. Greeks, Turks, Russians, Swedes and sons of sunny Italy, who on feast days would carry us off to the palm groves and fill us to the collar with maccaroni, parmesian cheese and white wine.

Well, our friend Misther Lawrence Mulligan, as he was wont to dub himself, when “half seas over,” with an eye to the main chance had ordered beforehand a couple of hundred bags of potatoes from Chile, that arrived but a few hours in advance of the Spanish fleet, and they had remained stacked under his vigilant guardianship on the beach near the landing at the foot of the narrow street leading to “Casa Mata,” or the Customs house, for lack of time, and help to store them in a safer locality, and the Spaniards, doubtless, mistook his long row of sacks for a trench of the enemy, for, at every turn on the elipse, one or more of their boats would send a shell or two buzzing to investigate Larry’s stock in trade, scattering his spuds all over the beach and adjoining streets, and on one of my trips to headquarters I found Mulligan dancing around on one foot, pulling his curly blonde hair, and wringing his hands as if bereft of his senses, occasionally peering around the

corner from the Calle Constitucion to shake his clenched fist at, and apostrophize the distant enemy.

"The devil take yez fur a lot of murtherin blaggards," he would yell frantically, "shure me illigant spuds are not shooting at yez, at-all-at-all, ye cowardly ama dhuans! Lave me beautiful spuds alone, bad cess till yez, and attind to the byes wid the guns! Its ruined I am intirely, glory be to God! Ruined! It's a fut dape the bache is wid the finest spuds outside Ireland! Ruined! Ruined intirely I am, bad cess to the murtherin thaves."

"More power till yez!" he would yell delightedly when the roar of the big guns would rip open the atmosphere. "More power till yez me hearties. Sink the murtherin divils to the bottom av the say, and may God have mercy on their sowlis, the pack av garlic atan pajans, may the devil take them! Will

none av yez lind me the loan av a gun?"

I laughed 'till I cried at his antics and frantic earnestness, but "its an ill wind blows nobody good," is an old Irish saw that fitted exactly the case of friend Larry's seeming misfortune. The Spanish fleet completely out of fresh provisions remained in the vicinity of San Lorenzo for several days before putting to sea, and Larry, risking the gallows for furnishing aid and comfort to the enemy, smuggled what potatoes were left him out to it and sold them at his own figures "for Spanish gold, glory be to God."

He realized a small fortune and his enthusiastic verdict regarding the bombarders of his spuds was that they were "parfict gentlemen, be the powers!" and he only hoped they "wud come back wance a month and blockade the poort."

Hoosier Paths

Blazed by D. H. SNOKE, M. D.

No truth so sublime but it may be trivial to-morrow in the light of new thoughts.

—EMERSON.

ONE of the great average characteristics of the human race is a certain setness, an invincible looking in one direction, a disposition to revel in the same feelings, a clinging to grooves—a sort of rutitis which speedily grows chronic, and is evinced by the moss which ever grows upon inert things.

If my range of vision is circumscribed in its limits to a westerly point of observation, my eyes will never be gladdened by the tints of the morning, nor my soul thrill at the sublime beauty of the northern sky when the hand of Omnipotence hangs there the purple curtain of Aurora and emblazons it with the lights of Heaven.

A rock mutely eloquent of primeval heat, and bristling with geologic facts may claim my continued attention, while beyond it are transpiring to open view the mysteries of all the ages, if I would but walk around its stony boundary and behold.

A fetich of pretended "sameness" in political platforms may so win upon

my right of suffrage that I cast my ballot the same old way for the same old party, while the flower of genuine statescraft languishes and withers, because I (and some others) have an attack of political rutitis.

I am sorry for the individual who, from any cause, cannot change his opinion, and who, wedded to crumbling idols, knows not the joy of imbibing truth from all points of the ethical compass.

The summit of a perverse inanity is reached by him who has acquired his political, religious and social views by heredity, and who never thinks for himself but accepts without protest, without thought, the ready made vagaries of others, his only demand being that these shall bear the old trademark expressed in the name, as Republican, Democrat or Methodist.

Yet these are all good, and serve a purpose. Fossils make good stepping stones, and upon these the sons of progress will climb to fair, new heights of power. The leaven of a sublime discontent imparted to the first human atom on this side of primeval chaos, has steadily continued to permeate the race, and though it has at intervals

been lost to sight, it has kept up the divine ferment and survived alike the polar frosts of indifference and tropic heats of error, and this it is which, white handed and pure, will open the gates of an era in which love and peace and wisdom shall hold happy sway.

* * * * *

Evolution is ever upon the move to eliminate the gross and the impure. Its latest step is manifest in the butchers' strike. What a foul, wretched excrescence this wholesale slaughter of the innocents is upon the escutcheon of the race. And how the indiscriminate consumption of animal cadaver grates upon one's finer sensibilities, as the thought of such filth running the gamut of human digestion, crosses the mind.

This flesh consuming proclivity has a staunch ally in the liquor trade; indeed, they jointly foster each other. "A hot wiener with each drink" is a legend prominent in front of most saloons in this city. "Soup from 9 a. m. till 2 p. m." or "Lunch free with all drinks." The "wiener" means a form of sausage, a filthy compound of half cooked and often partially decayed animal flesh highly seasoned with salt, pepper and other spices, and encased in the intestine of hog or sheep. The heating, inflaming capacity of this vile compound augmented in no small degree by equally vile liquor, is terrible, and under such pressure it is easy to step from the saloon to the brothel.

Educate the boy to omit meat from his diet and he can never acquire the drink habit. If our prohibitionists could but see that the first step to temperance is in the path of a rational diet, their cause would meet with a large success, instead of the merely negative results they now attain.

We have been displacing antiquated cumbersome machinery with lighter, more modern forms better adapted to our latter day usage; we find that modern social customs are evolving from the stiff and staid habits which characterized our ancestors to those of lighter, freer aspect, and why not eliminate the heavier forms of diet, which contribute so much to a lingering grossness that should disappear in company with liquor and tobacco habits?

The new era, in which intemperance in food, drink and narcotics shall play no part, except an historical one, is

knocking for admission and, the awakened ones are demanding that the portals be thrown wide for its entrance. The Spirit of Purity is breathing upon the hearts of awakening thousands and these are voicing, everywhere, the beauties of wholeness of body and a saneness of mind, never enjoyed hitherto by the race.

* * * * *

There are paths, and paths. Some are highways to fame and power and others are little, narrow, tortuous ways to victories over self in needed reforms—essential changes in human nature of callow conditions which militate against health and happiness.

Medicine is of no avail here, and hygienic practices do not extend over half way to the goal, albeit of undoubted value, for right uses of food, air and water are long steps in right directions.

But there is an inner factor, which, beginning where the last named ends, is able to complete reforms, and establish right conditions. It is ever active, and contributes as much to wrong conditions as to right ones, and more, if permitted.

This factor is known as the sub-conscious mind, which accurately carries into execution every suggestion made to it by the objective mind. If the suggestion be continuous, the effect is made more permanent than if indulged in only at intervals.

If, when the objective mind presents the idea of illness, advancing age, or other undesirable conditions, the individual will firmly assert the opposite of these, the latter will obtain to the degree that the affirmation is persisted in.

How does this power act? Like this: A man on retiring at night charges his consciousness with the thought that he must awaken two hours earlier than is his ordinary custom. Agreeably to the thought thus firmly held the man is awakened at the stipulated time by the sub-conscious factor above alluded to.

Let the sick man charge his consciousness with a desire to arise well, a desire equal in force to that employed by the man wishing to arise earlier, and the same potent factor will respond by making him well.

Those chronically ill will need to continue this night after night, but the

result will be none the less sure. We have aided a number just recently to overcome a condition of chronic constipation by this means, and other forms of illness will yield in like manner.

Remember the *time* is just when you are lying down for the night. Then fervently desire a change to occur next morning. Do not merely desire at or about the matter, but willfully, soulfully, *actually* desire it and the work will be done.

Those with chronic troubles will

find their work of healing enhanced if they will, during the day suggest to themselves as follows: "My nightly suggestion is taking effect, for I notice changes for the better even now, and this will progress to entire cure of my constipation," (or whatever the ailment may be) and time will surely bring their reward.

Try this and report progress. Remember that half-hearted, perfunctory work will be of little or no avail. Only earnest work will prevail.

More of this another time.

The Body Beautiful

BY NANNETTE MAGRUDER PRATT

HINTS ON RATIONAL HYGIENE

SOME people are born into the world with good constitutions; one might say iron constitutions. Every law of Nature is disobeyed as they go through life, but they live on, not always well, to be sure, but they manage to enjoy the good things of life pretty well, without bothering about rational living. Generally those people give out all at once; die suddenly with what the doctors call apoplexy, or heart failure, or paralysis.

Nature has sent them little warnings; perhaps headaches occasionally; or indigestion; or backache, but the warnings were not heeded.

On the other hand, people who are born wrong, who came from parents physically unbalanced, start with a flaw, and it is pretty hard to make them normal. It can be done, though, in about nine cases out of ten.

If one has a good constitution to begin with, he should try all the harder to maintain it. If he has a flaw, he must overcome it. The way to get well is to start *today*. Make up your mind that while you live, you want to get the most out of life, and one must have good health to do that.

Find out today what is meant by rational living and adopt it. Learn to breathe deeply. That comes *first*. Drink two quarts of pure water daily. To my mind, distilled water is the only pure water, but if you cannot agree with me, or if it is not possible to get the distilled water, then see to it that you get the purest water you know of. Freshen the air in your living rooms. Sleep in a room with one or more win-

dows open. If you have not been accustomed to having your window open at night, raise it an inch or two at a time until you can stand quite a volume of air. One cannot estimate the good that can be done by breathing good air all night. (You must be well covered.)

Eat clean, wholesome food, and give Nature half a chance. If you are tied hand and foot to a doctor, cut the thongs and be free. You have taken drugs for years. Every day you are getting worse instead of better.

Try doing without meat for one month. Eat raw vegetable salad every day, with olive oil and lemon juice, or mayonnaise dressing. Eat plenty of fruit. Avoid white bread as you would a poison. Eat whole wheat bread, shredded wheat biscuits, and the light cereals now on the market. Do not take any liquid with your meals; chew every mouthful to a liquid; be out of doors as much as possible; stay on the sunny side of the street; walk on the ground whenever you can; take a daily scrub bath with slightly warmed water, or tepid, or cold, if you are accustomed to it, and if you are not well; if your system is full of impurities, take three hot baths a week, cooling the water gradually before you dry yourself.

Miss a meal or two, eat only fruit one day out of each week, and fast one day out of every month. Do all of these things faithfully, and then write and tell me if you have improved.

To the one who was born with a good constitution, let him, also, begin today to live rationally, and his days will be long in the land.

California as a Health Resort. If people in the East and Middle West could only know about the grand climate and natural health conditions of California, I am sure many would go there to live. They hear about that beautiful country, and see pictures of it, and hope to go there sometime, but they have no idea of its beauty.

I was born and brought up in Chicago, and had the highest regard for it in every way, but after my first trip to the Golden State, I was not satisfied until I went again and again, and now I am hoping that the rest of my days will be spent here. Such delightful outings as we had around and about San Francisco; the horseback rides at Del Monte, Paraiso Hot Springs and other places; the splendid trips to Mt. Lowe; enjoying Los Angeles, Pasadena, Santa Monica, Catalina, etc.

Going around the bay at San Francisco on the Government boat, we filled out lungs full of life-giving air, and what ozone we found on the top of Mt. Tamalpais! We loved the balmy air of Mill Valley and Lake Tahoe, and the quiet restfulness of many of the smaller inland cities—some one must take my pen from me or I will use up too much space on this subject.

Congratulate yourselves, Californians, and people of the Pacific Coast, on your great opportunities for getting and preserving health through natural conditions. Learn to breathe deeply, and in all ways live rationally, and be a blessing to yourselves and every one about you.

Every child that is born in this land of sunshine should learn to ride horseback at the very earliest possible age, and the girls should ride astride as well as the boys, for that is the right way. And they should be taught to swim, play golf and tennis, and make up mountain-climbing parties, and spend as much time as possible out of doors.

Oh, the possibilities for HEALTH in this beautiful state of California, beside the ravishing delight of the scenery and flowers. Never go back to the East if you can help it.

Health Bath. Here is a fine recipe for a HEALTH BATH. It can be taken in front of a wash stand just as well as in a bath-tub, but if you are accustomed to a tub, step in without there being any water there. (The

bath-room should be comfortably warm.)

Have a large oval brush with a strap across the back, through which you slip your hand. Put it under the cold water faucet, moisten it well, rub some good soap on it, and scrub your left arm until it is in a splendid glow; then the chest, right arm, and so on until the whole body is a deep pink. There should be an adjustable handle on the brush which need not be used until you get ready to scrub your back. Then it comes in handy.

When you are through with the scrubbing, have a large sponge or a wash rag, and rinse off with cold water. You will find that there will be no shock. If you feel that you cannot possibly use cold water, make it tepid, but do not take a hot bath oftener than once a week anyway. (Unless you are trying to throw off some disease. In that case, I would suggest that you take three hot baths a week, to help in the process of elimination.)

These cold daily scrubs are wonderfully beneficial. Of course you must use good judgment in taking them. If you have a very delicate constitution, be very careful not to expose yourself too much, and I would advise you to keep your body partially covered while you are scrubbing the different parts. In that way you cannot possibly take cold. Salt added to water is strengthening, and if you like to stand in a little water while you are bathing, either cold or tepid, I would suggest that you add a bit of salt. Every person I ever advised to take this bath has been wonderfully benefited. The brush must be quite stiff, and do not be afraid to scrub vigorously. (You may have to go about it gently at first, for some skins are unused to heroic treatment.)

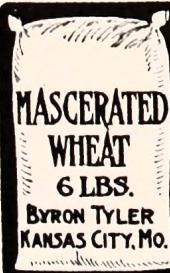
It is very necessary to keep the pores well open so that the impurities of the blood can be eliminated as Nature intends. A beautiful satiny skin can be had by adopting this rigorous bathing.

This bath can be taken night or morning or through the day; just so you do it sometime during the twenty-four hours. It is particularly beneficial after vigorous exercising.

Mastication. I beg of you to eat simply and, above all, to MASTICATE YOUR FOOD WELL. Few people realize what an important part

saliva plays in preparing the food for the stomach. Many think it is only to moisten the food so that it may slip easily down the throat, but it does more than that. Digestion begins in the mouth.

As soon as a bit of food enters the mouth, the saliva comes forward to prepare it for its entrance into the stomach, and the slower we eat, the better chance it has to do its work. The more saliva is mixed with food, the better it will be for the process which comes later, so please try to chew every mouthful you take into the thinnest possible state, and the stomach will appreciate your efforts and do its part well. It is so hard for the stomach to take care of the big chunks of meat and other foods which people "bolt," and it is a wonder that more people do not die of indigestion considering the way mastication is slighted. Nearly every one can eat soups, but occasionally I meet people who are better off without them. Dyspeptics should never eat soup until their stomachs become normal, and, in fact, take no liquid with their meals. And if every one who reads this article will go one week without any liquid while eating, he will see a great improvement in his condition. It is dangerous the way some people drink water with their meals—and nearly always ice water. They will pay the penalty. After a day or so, you will find it very easy to do without liquid, realizing that Nature has furnished all of the moisture necessary to take care of the food. Milk is not considered a liquid; it is a food, and may be sipped during a meal, if one is accustomed to it—or better still, at the end of a meal. Two or three glasses of milk can be taken in lieu of a meal, sipped slowly. A glass of hot milk is beneficial taken just before retiring. It should always be sipped.



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